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FIXING a definite time for withdrawal from the Philippines, with no special regard to the question whether the islands are ready to maintain so stable a government as to give no occasion for foreign intervention, is a policy that would hardly indicate a deep sense of international obligation on the part of the United States. If the Philippines were given their independence and then presented a spectacle of anarchy and disorder, they would immediately become the object of competing imperialistic ambitions. Japan would lay claim to the right to establish order, and some other nation, England, Germany or France, would present a competing claim. Whether the dispute would be settled by diplomacy or force would depend upon an international situation that no one can now foresee. So much, however, is certain: weak and disorderly states have for generations been the most serious menace to the world's peace, and are likely to exert a similar pernicious function for a long time to come. If the House had adopted the Clarke amendment, providing for abandonment

of the Philippines within four years, the chances are that we should have created another such weak state, another international menace. We might thereby have reduced our own risk of war, but of this we are by no means certain. Anything that works for a reopening of imperialistic competition in the Pacific is a matter of very intimate concern to us.

THE fate of Alice Masaryk is unknown. By some accounts she has already been executed; by other accounts she is still to be tried for her life on the charge of treason. There are flimsy charges against her that may carry weight with a military tribunal but that can carry none with the public opinion of the world. The real crime of Miss Masaryk is that she is the daughter of Professor Masaryk, the distinguished leader of Bohemian nationalism, now in exile. Whatever Professor Masaryk's activities may have been, it is certain that his daughter had no complicity in them. We have the most direct evidence that for his daughter's safety, Professor Masaryk refrained from even communicating information to her concerning his designs. This is therefore not another Cavell case. In that case political acts legally punishable by death were admitted; in the case of Miss Masaryk no unlawful acts have been committed. It can scarcely be believed, therefore, that the Austrian government has exacted the death penalty or will exact it. Nothing, however, is impossible in a time like the present, and it is the duty of all friends of justice and humanity to petition the Austrian government in Miss Masaryk's behalf. She has lived in America and is widely known and loved here. She is not a citizen of America or of any other country whose citizens' fortunes are in our charge. Therefore the State Department is in no position to make official representations in her behalf. But it can and should exert all the informal pressure possible through the Austrian chargé at Washington and the American Ambassador at Vienna.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S Chicago speech leaves nobody in doubt about the size of the army he thinks immediately necessary. He puts the figure at a quarter of a million, so that we shall always have "within our own limits a mobile body of 125,000 men so constantly trained and manoeuvred that inside of a week they could be concentrated in the highest degree of fighting efficiency at any point of our border or coast line." He believes also with all his heart "in universal training and universal service on some modification of the Swiss and Australian systems adapted to the needs of American life." The boys ought to be trained "in the schools and then by four to six months in the field when they leave the schools." These statements are as explicit as any reasonable man can expect Colonel Roosevelt to be at this time. If all candidates were as definite on all important points nobody could justly accuse any of them of failing to speak his mind.

IT would be pleasant to add that Colonel Roosevelt is everywhere as clear as he is about the army, but it would not be true. Nowhere in his Chicago speech does he say how large a navy he thinks the United States ought to have. He does say, "The Monroe Doctrine will never be one particle stronger than the navy," but this is as near as he comes to telling us what relative position he would have our navy take among the navies of the world. This vagueness is of course due to the fact that the size of our navy cannot be discussed intelligently by anybody who is not willing to discuss our foreign relations. Colonel Roosevelt takes keen interest in these relations. When he was President his handling of foreign affairs was prompt and wise. It is a pity that he is not at present willing to talk about them frankly, to discuss the choices before us. We can try, if we are foolish enough, to build a navy large enough to put all possible enemies out of business. We can aim at a navy large enough to put all probable enemies out of business. We can assume that we shall have active friends and can behave ourselves so as to get them, or we can assume that we are from now on going to play a lone hand. When Colonel Roosevelt says that our foreign policy should be characterized by "strength, courage and the courteous doing of justice," he is not helping his fellow-countrymen to think.

NOTHING seems more irrational, at this distance, than the wild and futile revolt of the Dublin Irish. It is not reasonable, however, to judge the affair entirely from censored British news. Many facts that throw light on the tragic situation have not been reaching the American public during the past few months. Early in April *New*

Ireland, the Home Rule weekly, warned the government that its policy was provocative. It declared that the legacy of hatred against Britain was a *damnosa hereditas*, but not to be confused with an outraged sense of justice, and it catalogued the recent events that were making Irishmen bitter. These included the suppression of papers, arbitrary imprisonments, the offensive language of recruiters, "the wholesale neglect to repress the hooligan attack upon quiet people in Tullamore, followed by the stupid conduct of the police," the deportation of two Irish Volunteer organizers, and the attempts to seize Nationalist arms without any similar effort being made against the Ulster Volunteers. Throughout Ireland, it is clear, the Sinn Feiners were looked at askance. "Their stake in the country," one angry United Irish Leaguer protested before the outbreak, "did not amount to as much land as would sod a lark." But the Irish Volunteers, organized with Ulster in mind and with no such revolutionary spirit as the Sinn Feiners, asserted officially in March that government raids were creating bad blood, and the government had the tact to answer by appointing a violent Orangeman attorney general.

IN proceeding against the Irish Volunteers, while indulging the Ulster Volunteers, the British government very probably had proof of sedition. It was a kind of sedition that from the British standpoint was too inimical to be treated with punctilious regard for civil rights. The majority of the Irish Nationalists accept this view, as John Redmond testifies. They realize the ugly complexion of sedition at this juncture, and they have left no doubt as to their disapproval of the revolt. The nub of the Irish situation, however, is still Ulster. From the Irish standpoint the fact that the Ulster Volunteers are still under arms is a paradox that makes for endless uneasiness. It is a reminder that Home Rule is still vitally contested and may be checkmated in the end. It takes extreme patience on the part of the Nationalists to endure this situation, and it is no great wonder that, considering the details of British policy in recent weeks, the less balanced Nationalists and the Sinn Feiners reached the limits of their endurance, and turned in impotent fury on a government that so long has furtively temporized over conceded constitutional demands.

CHRISTENDOM as a whole suffered a reverse along with the British Empire in the surrender at Kut-el-Amara. Mohammedanism is still an active force in the world, and the roll of its deeds of fanaticism and cruelty is far from closed. The news of Kut, growing ever more portentous as

it passes from mouth to ear among the unlettered Mohammedan masses, will inspire many thousands with the hope of advancing once more the realms of the True Prophet. Kut will produce outrages against isolated Europeans, massacres of local Christians, holy wars. The Central Powers may rejoice in the event now, but the time will come, if they realize their Levantine hopes, when German and Austrian blood will help to fertilize the memory of Kut-el-Amara. It was an Italian faction that ferried the Turks over the Bosphorous in the fifteenth century and thus made possible the taking of Constantinople. The other Italian faction was greatly discomfited at the time. In subsequent ages all Italy and all Christendom had to pay the penalty for that unholy alliance.

ON the last day of April, at eleven in the evening, all efficient clocks in Germany and Austria-Hungary skipped an hour and struck midnight. Henceforth every clock in both countries will be an hour ahead of the old time. It is still too early to say with confidence how the plan will work. Certain disadvantages will occur at once to every thoughtful meditator. Those obstinate persons whose happiness depends upon dining late may break into revolt. A new argument against getting up when he is called is put within reach of every slug-abled in the empire and the dual monarchy. Yet something may be urged in behalf of the change. A man in Buda-Pesth says that for Germany alone "it is estimated that the saving in lighting and power will amount to £88,000,000" a year. This is a large sum. Translated into American it comes to about \$440,000,000. If the meaning of these figures is not plain it can be made plainer. Perhaps the most extravagant baby in the United States is John Jacob Astor, aged not quite four. He is spending every day \$75 and some pennies. So Germany is expected to save in a year, by the simple expedient of setting the clocks forward, enough to keep the Astor baby in funds for about 5,866,666 days.

THE Brandeis case has reached a new stage of systematic misrepresentation. Having submitted the nomination to the Senate, the administration has made no attempt to influence public opinion in the matter, but has left it to the Senate Judiciary Committee to pass upon the charges against Mr. Brandeis according to the orderly procedure of a judicial controversy. Mr. Brandeis himself by the proprieties of the occasion has been compelled to observe silence. For refutation of cruel charges he has had to trust to the impersonal sifting of the facts. No similar scruples seem to affect Mr. Austen Fox and Mr. Clarence Barron. Mr. Fox, the

Wall Street Journal, and the Boston News Bureau, have flooded the country with copies of Mr. Fox's brief in support of the opposition. This brief is a medley of misrepresentation and suppression, which was outrageous enough when originally filed as a partisan document, but which, now that the majority of the Senate sub-committee in the very detailed report of Chairman Chilton has refuted it, becomes a sin against the light. This brief is circularized particularly among the bar, with a view to bringing adverse pressure upon the Senate. Surely the procedure is one which the legal profession should resent. It is a monstrous travesty that the self-styled protagonists of legal ethics should endeavor to poison the judgment of lawyers by a mutilated partisan presentation of the facts of a case which had a public trial lasting two months, involving the testimony of over forty witnesses, resulting in a printed record of over thirteen hundred pages, and to do this while the case is under advisement by the tribunal entrusted with its decision. For nearly ten years there has been a systematic effort to undermine the reputation of Mr. Brandeis as an indispensable prerequisite to destroying his effectiveness against the forces of evil and ignorance which he has been combating.

THE Pittsburgh School Board had simply to beg erectors to undertake the building of the new Westinghouse school. Besides going down on their knees, they had to agree to a price of \$84.50 a ton. Eighteen months earlier the erectors would eagerly have accepted the contract at \$50 a ton. The puzzling question is why did not the Pittsburgh School Board let the contract while prices were low? The need for the building is of long standing, and the ability of the city to raise funds was as great eighteen months ago as now. Private enterprise may properly select for its undertakings a time when materials are scarce and dear and labor over-employed. Public enterprise ought to be more far-sighted. It does not need the buoyancy of prosperity to sanction its operations. Launching them in time of depression would contribute materially to the relief of unemployment. A sane policy of distributing public undertakings would reduce both the severity of depression and the strain of the period of expansion.

THE Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' Association deserve all the sympathy they will get in their resistance to the mediation proposals of Mayor Mitchel and the peace tentatives of Jacob Schiff. The Association thinks it deplorable that such social radicals "without any intimate knowledge of this situation, should inject their activities at such a crucial moment." The Association believes it

can win this fight and dictate terms that will insure a lasting peace in the industry. Perhaps this is cold sense; perhaps it is a heated Junker illusion. If the Association wants to put the matter to a test, whose business is it? There is a theory, repudiated by the Association as it was by many better organizations now extinct, that industrial strife is everybody's business. Its evil consequences fall upon everybody. And if everybody, imperfectly represented by the public authorities, has now no standing in a case like this, a change is due. It will not be long in coming if many employers follow the example of the Association in asserting their right to rule or ruin.

RESTORATION of peace will put our industries to a severe test. Therefore, argues Mr. Emery, spokesman for the Manufacturers' Association, we ought to curb the tendency toward higher wages and shorter hours. But labor is not the element in cost that has risen most conspicuously. While wages in the steel industry have advanced 21 per cent, the prices of the major products of the industry have advanced 150 to 300 per cent. The steel industry is basal, and advance in its prices affects the cost of production in every other industry. Why should not Mr. Emery extend his counsels of moderation to his own clients, the steel makers? If they are justified in treating the present as a time of harvest, why should not the laborers do likewise? It may be argued that when the time of depression supervenes, steel prices will fall more promptly than wages. Possibly this is true, but one reason why it may be true is that high wages tend to create a corresponding efficiency, while high prices of steel are a net burden on steel-using industries.

BAD economics is naturally characteristic of the thinking of statesmen over-occupied with war. This may explain the popularity of the proposed commercial war on Germany to be inaugurated upon the conclusion of peace. The commercial injury one state or group of states may inflict upon others without suffering injury itself is narrowly limited. The Entente Allies can live without trading with the Central Powers. They cannot live so well. And the close of the war will present each belligerent group with domestic problems sufficiently pressing to divert governmental energies from the futile and expensive work of commercial revenge. The bills of the war will have to be paid; the injured will have to be pensioned; steady employment will have to be found for the disbanded soldiers. The working population has become accustomed to more steady employment and higher pay than prevailed

before the war, and it will be extremely difficult and dangerous to attempt to force them back to a lower standard. The industrial statesman has a great work to do, and he will surely fail in it if he places too great reliance upon the methods of foreign trade regulation. He can succeed only through increasing the effectiveness of production. The traditional industrial system is full of waste and inefficiency. There is lost motion in the selection of men, in their training, in their organization, in the material equipment, in the financial system. The detection and elimination of lost motion offer the only practical means of meeting the imperative requirements of the reconstruction era.

Mr. Wilson's Critics

SUPPOSE Mr. Wilson were reading all that the Republicans have to say about him, how much good would it do him in his present difficulties? From which Republican editor, from which Republican statesman could he draw a helpful suggestion? From whom could he secure even the outlines of a policy? Suppose he felt that this was the gravest moment in generations, that this was a time to forget the trivialities of party politics and personal antagonism in order to settle upon a foreign policy which represented the essence of patriotic opinion. To which of his critics could he turn?

Naturally he would turn to Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Root, Senator Lodge—the men about whom there is a legend that they are wise in international affairs. Having turned to them he would find criticism in plenty of what he has failed to do in the past, but of what he should do tomorrow and next week not a word. With all that talent available for offering advice, he would get no advice. When, for example, he delivered his address to Congress, and the country was at the breaking point with Germany, it was the privilege of the country to hear from Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root and the Republican editors a few concrete suggestions as to the next steps with Germany. If ever there was a time when the experts should have told us what they knew, that was the time. Mr. Roosevelt issued a statement offering five members of his family, and possibly a sixth, for military service and deploring the shameful neglect of military preparation during the last year and a half. Of advice as to what to do now, with the facts as they happened to be, not a word. Mr. Root is supposed to be a great diplomat and international lawyer. The submarine question is an exceedingly complicated matter of law and policy, but the country has still to hear from Mr. Root what

he thinks about the question of armed merchantmen, what would constitute a proper exercise of visit and search, whether he would outlaw the submarine or merely try to limit it.

Behind these difficult points lie still greater matters. If we come to a rupture with Germany, what is to be our policy then? If we entered the war, on what terms should we enter it? What arrangements ought we to make with the Allies; ought we to sign their pact; what ought we to consider the object of our fighting to be? On none of these points have we been able to find a single ray of light from the President's critics. We have heard much about deeds, about honor, about patriotism, about preparedness, but no one seems to have stooped to define and explain, to translate into statesmanship the emotions which are so prevalent.

We have searched the Republican press almost in vain for a decisive commitment on any immediate issue. The more belligerent of them, for some reason or other, are exceedingly careful to avoid saying whether they want a rupture or a war with Germany. Look beneath the adjectives and the invectives, and you will look in vain for a policy. The editors desire preparedness, but they will not pause for one editorial to conform to that elementary view of statesmanship—a definition of what the preparedness is for. As a matter of fact, the Republican press and the Republican leaders are hopelessly at odds on the most crucial questions. As the *New York Evening Post* has said, "What the *New York Tribune* calls murder, the *Chicago Tribune* discusses in a tone which reminds one of a court of appeals obiter dictum on the right of factory owners to burn soft coal under certain circumstances."

It has been so from the beginning of the war. The critics of the President's foreign policy have consistently arrived after the shooting was over. Mr. Root and Mr. Lodge were in the Senate when Belgium was invaded—they discovered America's duty to Belgium more than a year later. Mr. Roosevelt discovered it publicly three months after the invasion. Mr. Root's attacks on the President have all referred to the past—they have told us what should have been done. Mr. Roosevelt's magazine articles are historical essays, not indications of policy for the future. Not one of them has defined the Monroe Doctrine, not one of them has discussed the future of Anglo-American relations, not one of them has explained to the American people its relation to the historic events occurring in China, or the sort of settlement after the war which America ought to desire.

Mr. Wilson has often been accused of a failure in leadership. There is, we believe, real justice in the accusation. But his opponents have no record

of leadership that they can be proud of. Except on the question of preparedness, they have been wise after the event, they have been the protagonists of ex post facto policies. They have been critics of history, critics of personality, not leaders of thought. They have stirred feeling, but they have not formulated opinion. If foreign policy is the failure of the Wilson administration, it is no less the failure of its critics. There is no Roosevelt-Root-Republican foreign policy at this moment. No man can say what they believe. We know their temper, we know their devotion to honor, to patriotism, to national self-assertion, but we do not know what they wish to see done, what concretely they believe is the policy America ought to pursue in the bewildering facts of the present moment.

No one would wish to see Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Root standing beside the President or in front of him. What everyone has a right to wish is that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root would cash in on the legend of their knowledge of foreign affairs, that they would recognize that Mr. Wilson will be in office at least ten months more, that those ten months are likely to be as perilous as any in fifty years of our history, that the past is past, that spilled milk is spilled milk, and that the creating of a workable policy in the next ten months is the supreme duty of those who are proud to be patriots.

Maternity Insurance

THE health insurance bill which recently had a hearing before the legislatures of New York and Massachusetts was a thorough-built scheme in most respects, but there was one extraordinary omission. It contained no provision for compulsory maternity insurance. This blind spot of the health scheme was all the more surprising, because none of the European countries in which sickness insurance is a well established institution has failed to include childbirth as an indisposition which is entitled to the regular sick-benefit. We hasten to concede that Europe is un-American, and to throw in for good measure the admission that America is un-European. Nevertheless, the precedent and experience of fourteen civilized countries in the matter of maternity insurance cannot be passed over by those who know how nearly parallel, after all, are the lives of the woman wage-earner of western Europe and eastern America.

The health insurance bill did not pass the legislature this term, but it will be up again another term and its final adoption can not be very remote. Industrial conditions are fast making the measure a necessity. It remains for the sponsors and sup-

porters of the health bill to remedy this serious omission in the first Albany version before the subject again comes up for discussion. There are certainly enough women's organizations in New York State to see that this is done, even without the aid of the vote. It is a measure on which the most womanly woman and the most radical feminist need not be divided, a cause for which the various women's camps might be expected to consolidate.

Very apropos, just now, is a recently published study by Alexandra Kollonthay, a Russian writer. Like ourselves, this author is at home in a country in which maternity insurance is a backward institution, though Russia has at least gone far enough to merit a place on the list of countries which have it in some degree. They are England, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Luxembourg, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Serbia, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, Rumania, Australia, France, and Russia. Germany has had maternity insurance for more than thirty years, Norway for seven years, England for four years, Australia since 1912, and France since 1913. The experience of the countries which have had it longest goes to show that maternity insurance is the most effective method of reducing infant mortality.

In practically all these countries the payment of the maternity benefit is associated with a compulsory period of rest. Both Massachusetts and New York have laws which prohibit the employment of a woman in a factory for four weeks after confinement, but which provide no indemnity for her forfeited wages. Such a law is a dead letter in some cases and superfluous in others. As Yves Guyot said to the French Assembly when this subject was under discussion, "If you are going to forbid women to work for a month, you assume at the same time an obligation. You bind yourself by this very act to supply their needs."

In most of the European countries, maternity insurance is paid by the day. In Germany, half of the working woman's regular wages, which may be increased to three-fourths by the local administration committee, is paid her for two weeks before confinement and six weeks afterwards—eight weeks in all. In Austria she receives sixty per cent of her wages for six weeks after confinement. In Serbia she receives half her wages for twelve weeks, six weeks before and six weeks after the child's birth. This is the longest rest period required by any of the states granting maternity insurance. In Norway she receives sixty per cent of her wages for eight weeks. In France she receives a flat allowance of one franc fifty centimes daily. In England she receives thirty shillings if she is self-insured, and thirty shillings more if her husband is also insured. This is paid in a lump sum, though the law also requires four weeks' rest. In Australia she receives

five pounds, and the law makes no stipulation regarding rest. This method is obviously more effective than the New York method of prohibiting work and refusing aid.

In a number of the European countries women must themselves be wage-earners in order to be entitled to the maternity benefit, but in England, Norway, and one or two others, the wives of workingmen receive the maternity aid as well. On the Continent the nursing premium is a familiar institution. It is paid in addition to the confinement money and is reckoned at so much a day for three months. The state may expect every woman to do her duty in this respect, but the wise state is aware that the performance of a duty is often dependent on economic possibility. It has been demonstrated by municipal experiments in Germany, France, and England that the payment of a small cash allowance to nursing mothers helps to discourage bottle-feeding and correspondingly to diminish infant mortality.

One objection commonly heard from the opponents of maternity insurance was that the expectant mother would hire out for a nominal period so as to receive the benefit. The reply to that would be, why put her to the trouble? In the most progressive systems of social insurance, the English system, for instance, the wife of an insured wage-earner is entitled to the maternity benefit without being compelled herself to enter industry in order to be eligible. Besides, it is usual to safeguard the benefit by requiring a specified waiting period. This varies in foreign countries from three to ten months. In Germany, the woman must have been insured and have paid her dues for six months; in England, for twenty-six weeks. It has been proposed to adopt the twenty-six weeks' period here.

Another objection heard is that the unmarried girls and women will be required to pay the dues and help finance a contingency which concerns only the married women. This objection cannot carry much weight in a country which has believed in public schools for over two hundred years. The school tax is paid by the childless of both sexes, because the education of children is everybody's affair. We are at last beginning to see that the prevention of infant and maternal mortality is also everybody's affair. It is assumed in social insurance that all will not fall ill, or grow old, or bear children at the same time. The self-perpetuating habits of the human race justify us in this assumption. It is only because most of the beneficiaries of the insurance plan are able-bodied and healthy wage-earners that the system can be carried at all. Those who keep well will have no quarrel because they do not draw the sick-benefit. The childless man or woman can well afford to contribute a moiety to the woman who gives a healthy child to society.

Mexico for the Mexicans

THE prestige of the United States is now involved in the Mexican entanglement. We cannot withdraw in response to the demands of Carranza and Obregon without creating an impression throughout Mexico that we have become frightened by the threats of the First Chief and his spokesmen. That, indeed, is an impression that the Carranzistas would like to have created. When we withdrew from Vera Cruz, not knowing what else to do, the press of Mexico claimed credit to Carranza for driving us out and humiliating us. Our loss of prestige then was Carranza's gain. If we accept the greater loss of prestige that would follow retirement from northern Mexico before our ends have been achieved, the immediate gain to the *de facto* authorities would be even greater. In the case of the Vera Cruz affair it was not clear to the Mexicans or to anyone else just what we had expected to accomplish. Our failure to accomplish our end was therefore not demonstrable. What we expect to accomplish in northern Mexico, on the other hand, has been clearly stated. We intend to rid ourselves once for all from the menace of Villa and his marauding bandits. We intend to establish peace, if not in the whole of Mexico, at least in those states that most immediately concern us. If we withdraw before this is accomplished, our failure will be notorious. If we withdraw in response to Carranza's demand, we shall have suffered what European diplomacy describes as a serious moral check.

It is our prestige against Carranza's. If this were all, we might properly yield, even though it is upon our prestige that Americans in Mexico must depend for their safety and the security of their property. We should rather endure a temporary loss than to follow the European nations in their pursuit of prestige through the infinite miseries of war. But much more is involved than our national pride and advantage. The peace of Mexico and her chance to develop into a great and civilized nation are involved. Such prestige as Carranza might win through threatening the United States and apparently forcing the retirement of the American troops would not be sufficient to give him a durable hold upon the government. It would not remove the menace of counter-revolution. It would not free Mexico from the danger of foreign intervention.

What foreign intervention is possible, if the United States withdraws and refuses to intervene further? In a country like Mexico groups of private capitalists can intervene just as effectively as can official government. There are Mexican leaders to-day, opposed to the existing government, who

could secure unlimited funds for a new revolution if it were certain that the United States would maintain an attitude of indifference to what goes on beyond the border. Carranza holds the government, but his money is worth just one cent on the dollar, and his soldiers are underfed and discontented. What would happen if an attractive new leader appeared with a platform of peace and prosperity and the ability to pay real money for military service? There are hundreds of millions' worth of foreign properties, not now yielding anything, that would be eager to make up such a leader's war chest. There are new opportunities for investment, worth hundreds of millions, that could be parcelled out by such a leader among his foreign supporters.

Let Mexico alone, say Carranza apologists, and we will fight ourselves to an equilibrium, and establish the kind of government we need. Did it not take France twenty years to work her revolution through to its logical conclusion? And would it not have been a misfortune to the world if the intervention of the First Coalition had been successful in putting an end to the Revolution? Granted; but Mexico is in a very different condition from revolutionary France, and the environing world is very different now from what it was in 1793. There was nothing in France to correspond with the vast wealth of concessionary opportunities characterizing Mexico. There was nothing in the world of 1793 to correspond with the huge mass of capital now flowing irresistibly toward profitable investments. France could survive twenty years of domestic revolution and foreign wars. The reconstruction of property still left control purely French. If the Mexican revolution has effected a certain reconstitution of property, increasing the measure of Mexican control, there is no guaranty that the counter-revolution, always menacing, will not work to the extension of foreign control.

Mexico for the Mexicans is a principle that the great majority of Americans are willing to accept without qualification. Let Mexico set her great resources to work to lift the ban of poverty and ignorance and superstition that have rested upon her since prehistoric times. She must have capital to do this and she must draw this from abroad, but let her reserve for her own uses all surplus profit above a fair return, as other civilized states do. Giving only a fair return, she must give security, and there is no security without a government strong enough to maintain order. If the concession is handled in such a way that only a fair return goes to foreign capital, while the surplus profits go to the government, there will be left no vast possibilities of unearned increment to tempt foreign adventurers into private intervention. With the wealth of Mexico developing, opportunities will

present themselves to the ambitious Mexican, who will thus be weaned from too ardent an interest in politics and revolutions.

The obligations resting upon the United States are clear. As the nearest great Power, the United States cannot view Mexican disorder with indifference. As the country from whose soil private interventions are most likely to be launched, the United States is under obligation to assist in removing occasion for them. We are in Mexico now, with the intention of remaining until order is restored. Let us not be cheated by a semblance of order, but insist that we be permitted to coöperate with the de facto authorities in placing order upon the solid basis of a government with constitutional powers broad enough to secure the Mexican people in their just rights to their resources and liberties.

Organized Labor on Education

AT a recent labor conference in New York City, called to present a program for the local public schools, Mr. Gompers expressed himself as open-minded towards the Gary plan which is about to be extended to thirty-five more New York schools. This open-mindedness of Mr. Gompers is in welcome and significant contrast to the attitude taken by some of the smaller leaders in the city, who have apparently tried to line up organized labor with a personal political machine and with reactionary schoolmen in obstructing the reorganization of the elementary schools. But organized labor has better business than opposing educational reform, and Mr. Gompers's remarks, made with full responsibility and in direct opposition to the thinly-veiled partisan spirit of the conference, suggest that the responsible leaders of labor are willing to take a more enlightened stand in this important movement.

Organized labor has repeatedly gone on record in favor of a public school system which will train a labor citizenry so versatile and intelligent as to be able to protect itself from exploitation and the hazards of our social shiftlessness. It has demanded that vocational teaching be kept intimately related to life, so that children come out from the school neither helpless unskilled workers nor narrow machine-tenders, but potential citizens acquainted with the backgrounds of their crafts, with the significance of the labor movement and the institutions and movements of the world about them. Labor above all classes has a vital interest in an education for all children which acknowledges the full intellectual and social meanings of industrial processes and occupations. The education that labor desires is one which will give, particularly to those who engage in industrial callings, the desire

and ability to share in social control, and to become masters of their industrial fate.

Now organized labor must be rapidly coming to see that this demand will never be satisfied by the conventional type of city public school. A traditional school founded on the bookish education of a leisure class can never be made into a pre-vocational school that will give power and dignity to labor, without a fundamental transformation of the present spirit, subject-matter and teaching methods. An elementary school which gives its children no more than narrow drill in the three R's plus a little remote and unreal text-book information in history and geography, with what little half-hearted music and drawing and nature-study can be squeezed in, will never give the foundation that the trained worker will need. No system of trade-training or vocational education superimposed upon such an elementary school will remedy the evils. Children who have been listlessly and ineffectively drilled in book-work will have acquired attitudes that are likely to be carried over into vocational work. Except for the few, industrial training will seem sheer drudgery, for it will have its roots in no interests and powers developed in earlier years. Pre-vocational education must mean something more than a mere sop to the motor-minded boys and girls who are restless with their books and are on the verge of leaving school for work. Such training, if it is to mean anything, must be woven in as an organic part of the school course. The entire elementary school could be a general, free, spontaneous, amateur pre-vocational school, where in direct contact with machines and industrial processes as well as books, with gardens and gymnasiums as well as laboratories and kitchens, with tools and print and pottery shops and drawing and music studios, children might have their imaginations stirred, try out their busy hands on things, and gradually sift out of the variety the interests that they can lay hold on with some promise of creative use. The school might be a place where play passed insensibly into work, and aimless experiment into purposeful construction.

Most of the current criticism of the public schools arises from the rapidly growing conviction that only in such a school will the modern city child have a chance to be educated in any way which will meet the demands in industrial or commercial life that will be made upon him. There is danger in current educational experiments that we become too easily satisfied with the mere addition of desirable courses, without at the same time transforming the school so that the new work is organically assimilated. Labor cannot be content with the school reform which many cities are adopting in the introduction of vocational courses merely in the upper grades.

Such a postponement means an invidious class-distinction in those grades between the children who are going on to academic work and those who are going on to industrial work. It broadens the gulf between labor and leisure rather than diminishes it. Labor should be the first to protest against these "pre-vocational courses," "junior high school plans," as they are variously called. A school which consists merely of six years of bookish schooling with trade-learning and athletics tacked on at the top would merely intensify the evils under which labor now suffers. It would produce mechanical drudges. It would almost guarantee that industrially exploitable horde of young workers the creation of which organized labor so much fears.

In advocating such a system the lesser labor chiefs in New York have been very badly advised. The program of "immediate demands," put forth under Mr. Gompers's nose with a great flourish of the rights of labor, is not only unprogressive but actually reactionary. It is exactly the kind of specious program that the narrow-minded employer might demand who wished a docile but intelligent labor force trained at the public expense. In whose interest does labor demand the "immediate elimination from the course of study of any activity which takes away from the essentials and fundamentals of education in the elementary schools?" To eliminate organized play, auditorium dramatics, shopwork, gardening, dancing, etc., is surely the best way to drive children out of school, or to train them into mere appendages to machines. What labor needs is the most varied kind of work-study-and-play school, where imagination and interest are awakened. Yet here we find a conference on organized labor and education demanding simply more of the old kind of traditional schools! What good will it do to have more school buildings, more teachers, more pay for teachers, even more night-schools and playgrounds, if the schools merely pursue the old limited grind? Labor needs a school enriched in opportunity and vitalized with the modern spirit of "learning by doing," yet all it can think of to demand is "a seat for every child"! And to ram home to the public a sense of its straitened vision, this conference records its "emphatic protest against any further extension of the Gary plan."

Now opposition to the Gary plan may be a useful attitude for the lesser labor leaders who are playing for political stakes, but we cannot believe that this is the attitude of the intelligent elements in the labor movement. For what the Gary plan does is exactly to make possible for the first time on a large public scale this greatly enriched elementary school which labor needs for the realization of its own expressed educational ideals. The broad cur-

riculum, the flexibility which adapts the school to the needs of every child, the interweaving work, study and play, transform the traditional school into a kind of child-community, where children throughout the course are laying the rudiments of their vocations. They have a chance from the early years, by trial and error, by experiment and realization, to find out what they can do and what they cannot do. To quote Superintendent Wirt, the Gary school is educating them just as the home, shop and school teacher educated the children of earlier American days. No formal pre-vocational course begun in the seventh or eighth year can do what this simple intimate contact with things and processes does. In a sense, industrial education may begin in the Gary school as soon as the small child is interested in going into the school-shops or laboratories as helper or observer. All the activities may be tested in the same way. The school is thoroughly democratic because the opportunities, bookish, manual, artistic, are open on equal terms to all the children. For labor to oppose the Gary plan means that labor is suicidally opposing the very kind of school that holds out the most opportunity for an enriched education for its children.

Mr. Gompers and the other responsible leaders of organized labor could do nothing more important than make an immediate and thorough study of the educational promise of the Gary school. If organized labor were to put itself enthusiastically behind the Gary plan, it would have at once an enlightened policy on elementary education which would effectively prevent any insidious exploitation of the movement. It would be well if the responsible leaders would repudiate these lesser labor chiefs who manipulate education for political purposes. The time has come for a bold and progressive stand.

The New REPUBLIC

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On "Crushing Prussian Militarism"

THE moment for diplomatic conversations in our war may still be remote. But a preliminary stage has been reached. If the two men who preside over the British and German nations are not yet prepared to talk, they have at least begun to shout at each other. The speeches of Mr. Asquith and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, for all their defiance and recrimination, register a step towards peace. They mark an attempt to define the issues, and though the chasm is still wide, it has visibly shrunk in the week that separated the two utterances.

The German Chancellor spoke on the morrow of his victory over Grand-Admiral von Tirpitz. The occasion of the Admiral's fall may have been a controversy over the use of the grand fleet, and the ethics of the sinking of neutral ships. But the divergence between the two schools of German imperialism was wider and more significant than any passing dispute over submarines. The Tirpitz school represented the ideal of "the future on the waters." It aimed at expansion overseas, and for it Belgium was not so much the road to Paris as the key to the Channel, and the sallyport to the outer world. To it had rallied not merely the Flotten-Verein (the German Navy League), but the industrial leagues which proposed to annex Belgium for the sake of its coal and iron. It was no accident that the German Chancellor kept silence about the destinies of Belgium until von Tirpitz fell. The rival and more moderate school to which he belongs looks to a future on the Continent. For it the ideal is the military and economic confederation of central Europe. Its eyes are turned to the east, and the vital strait for it is not the Channel but the Bosphorus. It is indifferent to Belgium, and the enemy of its choice is not England, but Russia.

The Chancellor's speech turned searchingly to east and west. It lifted—though in grudging and qualified phrases—the menace from Belgium, while it proclaimed an extensive program of conquest at the expense of Russia. This done, it turned to England with an inquiry, disguised as a defiance, "Do you really mean that you are pursuing the final destruction of Germany's military and economic power as your aim?" So ran the question. The answer of Mr. Asquith, underlined as it was by a remarkable letter from Lord Cromer, was an unusually frank disclaimer. That dangerously ambiguous phrase about "crushing Prussian militarism" is no longer the battle-standard of the

Entente. The war will go on, but its issues have shrunk. It is now more clearly than ever what it was in its origins, a war for the mastery of the east, and its stakes are Poland, Serbia, Constantinople and Mesopotamia. The concrete issue is, in brief, How wide shall be the frontiers of "central Europe?"

One need not pause to inquire what Mr. Asquith meant originally by his phrase about Prussian militarism. Politicians in all countries have a cultivated instinct for the elastic phrase. It served as a battle-cry, and the most hopeful sign of to-day is that a battle-cry is no longer our chief need. It had been exploited by fanatics, sentimentalists and interested trade groups, until it had come to mean in current speech not merely the unlimited prosecution of the war, but its prolongation in a campaign of tariffs and boycotts. Mr. Asquith and Lord Cromer between them have swept away this superstructure of revenge on a basis of muddy thinking. It is true that each of them retains a kernel of meaning in the phrase. Lord Cromer insists that we must continue to fight until the Germans are "converted," or, in other words, until "the complete failure of their system" is clear to the saner among them. That test would presumably be satisfied if the fortune of arms obliged Germany to renounce the more positive objects and gains which her militarists pursue. Mr. Asquith suggests a more constructive interpretation. The Allies, he declares, are fighting not merely to remove from Europe the menace of Prussian military domination, but "to establish the principle that international problems must be handled by free negotiation on equal terms between free peoples."

If one were to press that phrase, it would mean the setting up of some kind of international system of control, or at least of conciliation. How else can peoples negotiate on "equal terms"? An Austria and a Serbia can never talk on "equal terms," unless some continental system exists which forbids the great Power to talk in the tone of great armaments. Mr. Asquith seemed in this passage to be recurring to the fleeting idealism of his Dublin speech, in which he renounced the policy of the balance of power, and proclaimed as our aim the establishment of a "real European partnership." The case of the Entente and the Central Powers is a mixed dossier of neutral wrongs and provocations, but from it one charge stands out, salient and sharp. The Chancellor not only refused the mediation of the disinterested Powers in the Austro-

Serbian quarrel, but refused it with a sneer at the very idea of an "Areopagus." That was the real sin of "Prussian militarism," and whether we talk of "crushing" or "converting," this central issue of the war would be settled only if Germany, the wiser from an experience which has chastened us all, accepted in some form the notion of an Areopagus. Is this what Mr. Asquith means? It is, at any rate, what he may be held to have meant, if circumstances render it expedient that he should have meant it. It is only in that sense that expert politicians ever mean anything.

If Germany should accept the ideal of an Areopagus, the war might end on that basis of poetic justice. If she will not accept it, we are not pledged to fight on to reduce her obstinacy. There were, indeed, phrases in the Chancellor's speech which seemed to encourage hope. He talked of "a lasting peace," of Europe as a field of "peaceful labor," and of the settlement as a "final peaceful regulation of European affairs." He, too, is a politician, and his words will take their color from circumstances, but it is doubtful whether the thinking of official Germany has yet evolved to the point of considering an Areopagus. A "lasting peace" in the English language connotes a standing system of conciliation. In the German tongue it means rather a secure frontier and advantageous strategical boundaries. This difference of outlook underlies the whole war. To settle it would alone give a meaning and a sort of justification to the conflict. But is there on either side, or in any neutral onlooker, the statesmanship which will bring it to an issue? We do not know whether Germany is moving towards an Areopagus, but neither do we know that the Allies have any definite plan. It is, however, an immeasurable gain that Mr. Asquith has repudiated the vindictive and extravagant aims which in popular opinion had gathered round his phrase. By so doing, he has removed an insuperable obstacle to peace.

In the early days of the war the more reasonable half of England, which entered it reluctantly at the bidding of loyalty and honor, would have said that there were for it only two irreducible conditions of peace, the restoration of Belgium and the liberation of French territory from invasion. The masses were barely aware that an eastern issue existed. In his speech on the dispatch of our ultimatum Sir Edward Grey did not mention Russia, and among the objects which Mr. Asquith says that we must attain before we can "sheathe the sword," no eastern item is included. To-day it seems, on the surface at least, as though it were for eastern objects only that the war is prolonged. The Chancellor has laid down the principle that Germany and Austria alone shall settle the Polish question.

He has committed himself irrevocably against any resumption of Russia's authority, but he has also refrained from any public encouragement of the hopes of Polish independence. To the solution of an independent Poland German statesmanship may yet come, but the industrialists who hope to exploit the new Vistula province will surrender their dream only under the further pressure of military necessity. Equally firm was the claim to the Baltic provinces. If German ambitions still live on this front, the Russian claim on Constantinople is hardly less outspoken. It has gathered new life from the fall of Erzerum, and it opposes the idea, popular in Paris and London, of a separate peace with Turkey. English and French opinion would be adamant against any proposal of a new partition of Poland. But it would prefer independence to any other solution. If the question were ever to be raised, "Shall we go on fighting to enable Russia to recover Warsaw and annex Constantinople?" the English and French democracies would return a sharp and decisive answer. But the censorship will never allow it to be raised in that form. To the French it will always seem that they are fighting for Alsace, and in England the idea of crushing Germany will long outlast Mr. Asquith's repudiation.

Reasonable people in this country would welcome a peace on the basis of the independence of Poland, the restoration of the Serbian kingdom and an international guaranty for the freedom of the Turkish straits. But such a peace would strain the Russian alliance, and it would disappoint the extremists among ourselves. For a wide interpretation of Russian interests no party in England would desire to fight. The impulse to prolong the war comes from other motives. Our war party pursues two prime ends. It is bent on making conscription permanent and universal. It is resolved to commit us to a peculiarly provocative form of economic protection. In both fields it makes slow headway. The "compromise" on compulsion is a step towards permanence, and the dispatch of the Australian Premier, Mr. Hughes, to the Paris Conference is a success for the Anti-German boycott. Mr. Hughes is an elementary intelligence who regards foreign commerce as a morbid phenomenon, and diagnoses German trade as a "cancer." With such tendencies the Coalition is a continued compromise, and the longer the war lasts, the greater will be the surrender. An early peace would mean the defeat of these movements: a protracted war spells their gradual success. The moment may come when we shall have to ask ourselves what we are fighting to crush. Is it Prussian militarism or British Liberalism?

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London, April.

To Prevent Industrial War

A WAGE controversy of the first magnitude comes to a head this week, comprehending every railroad trainman in the United States. What will happen, no man can predict with certainty save this—that it is the people who in the last instance “pay the freight.” Yet the public, despite this paramount interest in this oddly half-organized democracy of ours, are almost unrepresented in the negotiations. Never mind, for the moment, the intrinsic merits of the contentions, which concern the basic eight-hour day with punitive overtime. None of us outsiders are competent, perhaps, to pass upon these. The railroad wage schedules are so involved that for any single road they make up a good sized printed volume. But what the innocent third party, the bystander who pays the bill, has both the right and the ability to determine, is whether such disputes shall be settled by the orderly means appropriate to a civilized community or by a resort to industrial war.

The bench mark from which our survey starts is that policies of “frightfulness” in industrial affairs cannot be defended at the bar of public opinion. A fair settlement, so far as it is humanly possible, must obtain. But in no event shall there be a general tie-up of an indispensable service. The instant effect of a general strike is the alienation of public sympathy from the aggressor. The great Scottish six-weeks’ struggle of 1890 proved it. Twelve years later, the Constitution was stretched a trifle, possibly, but the people came to approve, when President Roosevelt abruptly brought the anthracite operators to a due sense of their public responsibilities. Since then, and especially in railroading, concerted action based upon thorough organization on both sides has been carried to the nth power. Either a country-wide strike or the complete tie-up of selected roads is unthinkable. Serious enough would be the personal inconvenience and loss—perishable products rotting on platforms and sidings, depleted shop counters, mines and mills shut down for lack of fuel or supplies, their people out of work—the utter prostration of all industrial life, to say nothing of the attendant breaches of the peace.

Imagine the Chicago strike of 1894 to be extended all over the United States. But it would be worse than that. The world within a generation has materially changed in status. Population has so concentrated in great cities that a paralysis of railway service brings the immediate pinch of hunger, disease and death among infants from dis-

turbance of the milk supply, of indispensable public utility service, of the supply of light, water and trolley power. Under such circumstances the obligation to serve, so long dictated to the railroads, must now be brought home to their employees as well, just as it rests upon the army, the navy or the postal service. Railway employees are enlisted men in the ranks of civilization. The analogy to military service was emphasized in the French strike of 1910. In Germany no railway employee may even belong to the *Gewerkschaften*. The political reaction against a general strike would be immediate and overwhelming. The men could not, perhaps, be called to the colors as they were in France; but they would immediately be recalled to their senses. At present the workmen’s only effective weapon is the strike. The right to use it cannot be denied without the substitution of every safeguard for the attainment of full justice. But this substitution must ultimately be made if the industrial ideal of democracy is to come to pass. And the pioneer experimentation is bound to occur in the field of common carriage and the coal supply. Even the surgeon in his extremity of need must not interrupt the heart beats and the circulation of the blood. No more may civilized communities, seeking relief from their industrial ills, permit paralysis of their means of inter-communication. Maintenance of common carriage is social self-preservation.

Federal machinery for the settlement of railroad disputes is now provided under the Newlands act of 1913. Mediation failing, an arbitration board may be set up. This board is constituted of six members—unless three are preferred—two representing each side, with two neutrals selected by the other four. This plan has failed to correct three fundamental defects in the law which it supplanted. It did not furnish permanent arbitrators who had become expert by reason of experience and technical proficiency. Previous service, failing to satisfy one side or the other, operated to disqualify those who combined impartiality and diplomatic skill with an acquired knowledge of the case at bar. Then again, piecemeal or partial arbitration was, if not encouraged, at least made possible. One side or the other—it happens to be the trainmen this time—refuses to open the door wide to an investigation of the whole scheme of railway wages. Under threat of strike, arbitration is refused for all except specific demands. Partial adjustments, rather than a judgment on the merits of the whole case, have resulted

in building up a large volume of inconsistent details, calling for incessant interpretation, which in the mass become practically unintelligible to the rank and file of the men. Somebody who knows said to me, "It's the same old merry-go-round year after year. And we ought to throw the whole thing into a jack pot and play for it there." And finally, there is no coördination whatever of the settlement, whatever its financial burdens may turn out to be, with the rates which the carriers may impose for service under the changed conditions. In brief, to quote once more, "The present way is merely a court plaster and not a blood remedy at all."

From the present predicament there seem to be two ways out. One adopts the principle of compulsory investigation. It puts into effect the recommendation of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission of 1902, seemingly suggested by the experience of 1877 in the Boston & Maine engineers' strike. This was settled by "compulsory inquiry only and an appeal thereon to the reason and sense of right of all concerned." The Canadian Industrial Disputes act of 1907 is based upon this idea. The plan is open to several objections. It forbids a strike, pending the period of investigation; and, in the words of a trainmen's leader, "a strike vote after thirty days is just about as much good as a piece of liver that old." In other words, it deprives the men of their only effective weapon without substituting a guaranty that their demands shall receive authoritative consideration. Public opinion as a court of last resort may be right in the long run; but it may be misguided temporarily. And, moreover, the Canadian plan fails to provide that permanent and expert service of trained and impartial intelligences which so complicated a set of relationships demands. Special boards for each case, as it arises, result in the same disqualification of the well informed in proportion to their experience which is the bane of the present arrangement.

Compulsory arbitration as applied in Australasia seems on the whole to have been successful only among unorganized laborers. Strong unions, certainly, like the railway brotherhoods, have not been prevented from striking when they were so impelled. Nor is compulsory collective bargaining, which is what mediation amounts to, free from the same objection. The British Board of Trades' Industrial Council report of 1912, in its inquiry into similar controversies abroad, emphatically reports "that the whole organization of collective bargaining, of which we have expressed our approval, is based upon the principle of consent." Strategically, also, in this present railway dispute, there is the further disadvantage in mediation, that the carriers upon subsequent application to the Interstate Commerce

Commission for rates adequate to support the new burdens, would appear voluntarily to have assumed full responsibility, which they intended later on to shift. Under compulsory arbitration no choice would have been open. The new burden thrust upon them they might properly plead to have been disproportionate.

Is it not about time for an administrative wage commission to deal with such controversies as these authoritatively? Such a body, with permanence of tenure, might be constituted, like the present arbitration boards, of members representing specifically the three parties in interest, including, that is to say, the public. Whether, as one railroad man put it to me, "it would load up the car so you could not start it," to subordinate this board to the Interstate Commerce Commission duly enlarged may be open to question. Wages and rates surely ought to be coördinated. The proposal is not new. It was made by the Eastern Locomotive Engineers' Arbitration Board in 1912. A prime advantage would be its competency to open up all the railway schedules for examination down to the foundation. Many items now ignored in the present practice of nibbling, quibbling and dodging, might be comprehended within the range of its examination. What, for instance, is the relation as to wages between the different classes of railway labor, the trainmen and the million and a half other employees in service? What is the relation of economies in physical operation, heavy train loads and the like, and the length and irregularity of the working day? What share in productive efficiency from improvements in operation is contributed by labor, and what by new capital investment? Is ability of the carriers to pay or not to pay as against ability of the employees to serve, to dictate the remuneration? Is the proportion for overtime on railways as contrasted with factories more controllable than at present, and how far is responsibility for it separable or joint? Such fundamental questions ought to be investigated down to the ground, so that something more nearly approximating a basic settlement of these controversies may be had. Is it too much to expect that the unions, with full representation upon such a board, should recognize that their calling is so far affected with a public interest that the guaranty thereby afforded might safely be accepted as a fair offset for abrogation of their present right to strike? That was practically what President Wilson meant in 1914 when in the western engineers' and firemen's dispute, he wired, "Mediation must not fail." Surely it is time once more to take stock of our resources administratively, and to prepare for the worst in the hope that clearing the deck for action may render it unnecessary ever to fire a gun.

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY.

An Easy Solution

HENRY CRAYDON, capitalist and factory owner, was sitting by himself one early evening on the porch of his house, when a tread was heard on the path below. A heavy-set man, in ragged overalls, stood before Craydon. He was hatless, and as for his shoes, they barely held together. He looked desperate.

"Well?" said Craydon. "You are one of the men from the factory. What can I do for you?"

"I've been laid off."

"This is a slack time."

"For you or for me, sir?"

The man's voice was respectful, but there was in it a strain of desperation. Craydon studied his face.

"Give me your name," he said, "and I'll see the manager about it."

"That would do no good."

"Why not?"

"Because you can't afford to interfere with the system."

The voice was an intelligent voice, and Craydon listened in spite of himself.

"Well, what do you expect me to do?" he asked, with a slight sense of irritation. "Do you want me to argue the thing? Do you want me to give you money? What is it?"

"I want you to give me work. I am entitled to work. There is no complaint against me, when I am at work."

"What is your pay—when you are on?"

"Three dollars a day."

"That's eighteen a week."

"And I'm laid off five months in the year."

"That makes seven you work. At about seventy-five a month—that's something over five hundred a year. How much of a family have you?"

"Five children, all under twelve."

Craydon twisted his cigar.

"You musn't blame me," he said, "I can't help it. I'm just as much subject to the conditions as you are."

"That may be, sir; but what I want to ask you is this: just what's the trouble? You have time to think, and I haven't. They say you are a kind man. I can't make it out; I don't believe you would have it this way if you could, but can you tell me why it is so? It would be a satisfaction to know."

Craydon reflected.

"Well," he said at last, "I don't know that I can tell you exactly, but I can give you some kind of an idea. It's about like this: just at present I am looking for a good superintendent for one of my mills. I have been searching for months and

can't quite find the man I want; now you are out of work; you're looking for a job, and you have a family to support. I know you are honest and reliable—if I don't know positively, I can soon satisfy myself on that point. Now, my man, why don't I hire you for that job of superintendent, at five thousand a year?"

"Because I am not up to it. I haven't any education."

"In other words, you are not a finished product—as human beings go; you are raw material; you haven't had any capital invested in you; you are just one unit of strength instead of being a thousand units of mind."

"Yes, sir."

"Now you see that is due to the conditions in which you came into the world. Those conditions—which make it possible for some to succeed and inevitable for others to fail—are not my fault or yours. We didn't create them; as to who did create them, you know as much about it as I do. In the meantime, I will look up your case, and if it is possible for me to do anything for you, believe me, I will."

"Very well, sir. Thank you."

"Don't mention it. Good-night."

The man passed out. All again was silence. Craydon puffed his cigar thoughtfully. The night breeze played idly in the shrubbery. Suddenly there was a sound. The door from the rear of the porch had opened, and soft, well measured steps were approaching. Craydon turned slightly. His butler stood before him—a man of middle age. He was dressed in evening clothes, and his manner, as he stood obsequiously before Craydon, was perfect.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I trust I am not intruding, sir."

"Very well, James; what is it?"

"I have something to say, sir."

"All right. Fire away."

"Might it be possible for you, sir, to give me leave of absence?"

"For how long, James?"

"Well, sir, I would like to be absent for five months. You see, sir, I need a long rest; and I thought I would go abroad, sir."

"Five months?"

"Yes, sir."

Craydon smoked on. He was absorbed in thought. Then he turned to the butler suddenly.

"James," he said, "did you ever go to school? Answer me truthfully."

"No, sir."

"And how much am I paying you?"

"Seventy-five dollars a month, sir."

"Well, you may be gone for five months, but

you understand that you won't get any pay during that period."

"Certainly, sir! I don't need the money."

"And you are quite satisfied?"

"Quite satisfied, sir."

Craydon turned to him.

"Look here," he said, "how do you account for it? One of my men from the factory was here

just now complaining that he didn't have enough to live on. James, why is it that he is a failure and you are a success?"

The butler smiled.

"Well, it's this way," he replied. "You see, sir, I'm only a servant, but he, sir, is a Free and Independent American Citizen."

THOMAS L. MASSON.

The Schools and Social Preparedness

IN the previous articles in which I have set down some thoughts on our educational situation as it appears in the light of the war, I have said little or nothing about the specific work of the schools. Yet it is back to the schools, to the teachers, the text-books, the courses of study, the school-room methods of teaching and discipline, that education comes, and with education the larger part of the conscious direction of our social affairs. The public school is the willing pack-horse of our social system; it is the true hero of the refrain: Let George do it. Whenever any earnest group of people want something which is threatened preserved or something which is stable altered, they unite to demand that some thing or other be taught in the public schools, from "temperance hygiene" to kindness to animals, and from catechetical instruction on the Constitution as a means of saving the Republic from subversion, to the biographies of classical painters as a means of diffusing artistic taste.

A few years from now our state legislatures may be besieged by ardent advocates of international peace who will guarantee the future amity of the world if all children can have a fourteen weeks' course of lessons in "peace." Just now, however, the clamorers for preparedness have the speaker's eye, and two or three hours a week of drill exercise is to be made compulsory in high schools. Those who are in favor of new burdens are organized and clamorous; the pupils, being pupils, are discreetly dumb. The mass of the public is inert, or at least inactive, and gets in its work only by an ultimate passive resistance which first moderates and then smothers in execution the schemes legislated into existence. All of this mechanical confidence in the mechanics of school programs is an ironic tribute to our national faith in the efficacy of education. Meantime it is hard on the schools. One might think it would have occurred to those interested in military preparedness that the youth between fourteen and nineteen who have left school are just those who most need physically—and

in every other way—the training it is proposed to give, and that to train those who have given up school work would not put a premium on leaving school—especially as such a policy is suggested by the German method. But no; I honestly think most good Americans would shrink from the very thought as indicating a traitorous lack of faith in the public school. Consequently, over-burdened schools with congested curricula, distracted teachers and pupils stand a good chance of being offered up a sacrifice on the altar of "act first and think afterwards."

I should mourn the prospect more than I do if experience had not shown that a few years' time will suffice to divert, and, then, as I have intimated, to submerge any addition which is unwelcome to both teachers and pupils. There is, fortunately, an anarchy of absorption and deglutition as well as of rebellion. But all this showy and clamorous externalism of preparedness has a more enduring evil consequence. It arrests attention; it satisfies conscience; it puts effectual blinders on inquiring eyes. The significant relationships of the school to the entire question of our international policy and to the question of internal cohesion in connection with it, become salved over and hidden from sight. If long years of peace should by good chance succeed to our present conscientiously maintained nervousness, we should relapse in our school teaching into the same sentimental seclusion from the world's affairs which dominates present instruction in history and social subjects.

An earlier generation received some seepings from biblical lore. There was some intimation of a world-history prior to its real commencement in 1492; there was at least a consciousness of a blank dimly dotted with Greeks and Romans and vague "Europeans" between the end of Jewish and the beginning of American history. To-day the pupil who leaves (and most of them do) before reaching the high school can only wonder at the odd selection of 1492 as the numeral for the year one, and can proceed through his course of American history with

no suspicion of Europe save as a place from which discoverers set sail and colonists departed, and as the abode of men whose evil plans got good Americans into wars, and whose affairs and governments in general are such that the less Americans have to do with them the better.

As I reread what I have written I suspect myself of exaggeration. But I am still in a condition of wonder at the unconscious untruthfulness of many of my fellow Americans who hold President Wilson responsible for the moral aloofness of the United States in the present struggle. Is it possible, I ask myself, that they do not know that he has correctly reflected not only the political tradition of "no entangling alliances," but also that isolation of all thought of American history and destiny from European affairs which is even more deeply grounded in our education? A statistically minded sociologist might block off on squared paper the decreasing interest in the war, as one travels from the American seaboard, on the basis of the space allotted to it in the newspapers. We are a pacific people and in the main a kindly disposed one; we regret the loss of life, the flames of hatred in Europe. We do not, as a people, see that it is any especial affair of ours—save as something to keep out of. I have heard this state of mind attributed to sheer cowardliness, to decay of our pristine vigor, to commercialism—usually referred to, in this connection, as a canker—to deliberate selfishness, etc. I do not believe in any of these explanations. To speak dogmatically, I know better. It is the natural fruit of our educational system. I confess that there is something in this vast provincialism which is not altogether unpleasing. There is a certain vegetative health in this self-sufficiency. But nevertheless it is dangerous. Facts have changed. In actuality we are part of the same world as that in which Europe exists and into which Asia is coming. Industry and commerce have interwoven our destinies. To maintain our older state of mind is to cultivate a dangerous illusion. A different way of teaching American history is an infinitely greater factor in national preparedness than a few hours of perfunctory drill by boys whose minds are on their hour of release. It must be taught for what it is: largely a reflection of European movements and problems—as is seen for example, in each wave of immigration—and as a gradual development of native interests and problems which are still affected by every change in the life of Europe, and which correspond to what is going on all over the world because of the operation of world-wide forces. A generation educated in the facts of American history instead of in an American mythology would not be at a loss to find and express a unified mind in a crisis like the present, should one recur.

Professor Beard has recently denominated our school books in civics "as colorless as chalk." This tepid characterlessness is not confined to text-books in civics. It permeates the atmosphere of the school wherever any social topic comes up. Our own past history appears as a drama between the angels of light and the demons of darkness, between forces of freedom and enslavement, where victory has ever been on the side of the right. Our constitutions and institutions generally are the embodiment of the achieved and final victory of good. If children ever suspect that any evil still exists, outside of their own as yet not wholly virtuous characters, such evil has no institutional or social embodiment. It is personal, like their own faults. The whitewash of indiscriminate eulogistic language covers the things which make social life difficult, uncertain—and interesting. We do not need courses in social slumming, but we do need some way of making intellectually clear that there never was a struggle between pure good and pure evil; and that there is now, as there always has been, a struggle between interests entrenched in law, institutions and social convention, and the requirements of further enlightenment and emancipation. A nation habituated to *think* in terms of problems and of the struggle to remedy them before it is actually in the grip of the forces which create the problems, would have an equipment for public life such as has not characterized any people. The connection of this intellectual habit with coherent thinking in matters of foreign relations is not far to seek. We have condemned the method of taking docile direction from our rulers; we have set up as judges on our own account. Shall we then expect something called democracy in the abstract to work miracles in our behalf? Shall we always drift without a definite policy, relieving our nerves in critical periods, as we are now doing, by treating mutual recriminations as if they were a substitute for a policy? Is there any meaning in the phrase "democratic control" of social affairs save as men have been educated into an intellectual familiarity with the weak places, the dark places, the unsettled difficulties of our society before they are overwhelmed by them practically? Our universities must indeed lead the way. But unless the methods of critical discrimination which they foster extend into our secondary schools and thence, indirectly at least, into the elementary schools, we shall find democratic control tied to a course of inert drift alternating with periods of excited explosion. To make our schools the home of serious thought on social difficulties and conflicts is the real question of academic freedom, in comparison with which the topic which we have hitherto dealt with under that head is indeed academic.

JOHN DEWEY.

VERSE

Aridity

The world is all before us, where to choose:
Spoon River or Bird Center,
Or something in between—
Nay, that's not so;
Youth does not choose; age cannot.
Often the young
Accept the world-scheme far too readily;
The older man, if he objects,
Objects too late; he's lived to find
The world now woven for him.
Enmeshed, he can but be
What he has come to be—
As here, as here;
Or, indeed,
As anywhere.

Well, to begin again:
The happy man is he
Who lives by something
And for that something dies.
Number One lives, let us say,
By wife and child,
And dies for them
Upon the threshold of the blazing home.
Number Two lives by his college
And dies for it upon the gridiron
Amid the shouts of pleased thousands.
Number Three, indulging an odd passion,
Lives by hoary, violent Rome,
And dies there, or thereafter,
Of fever, or malaria
(I sweep aside all newer thought
On the mosquito),
Or sheer homesickness;—
O Rome, so fair, so old, so far away!
Number Four—
Well, Number Four was John B. Hill,
And he lived by and died for
The Merchants' National Tax-Title & Trust Co.

Hill made his début
By helping to take orders, 'cross a counter,
For abstracts of title: an uncle found the job.
The docile boy, mouldable to anything,
Slid into the place without a question.
Within a fortnight he was quite at home;
And soon he saw, beyond mistake,
His life road open.
Thence to law-school at night;
Then, laureled,
Back for the remainder of his days
To snuggle up against the nourishing breast
Of the Trust Company.

Five decades followed, years
Of instruments, continuations,
Quit-claims, releases, what you will.
Kinks, kinks, kinks—
Sometimes he put them in,
Sometimes he took them out;
But either, and ever,

With relish and enjoyment.
He never rose to be the head of all,
Yet in his own department
He was perfect, prized, well-paid.

He frilled the leaves of abstracts all day long;
Then took them home at night
And read them in his den.
Like Descartes, he could say:
"I think; therefore I am."
A new Spinoza, he was drunk
Not with God, but with God's footstool.
Like Herbert Spencer, he could clip close
Th' Unknowable—
(Unknowable to us, but plain to him).
He knew the city's spread
From Rogers Park to Hegewisch,
And out past Austin:
Subdivision by subdivision,
From Original Town
To last Addition.
A Simeon Schopenhauer,
He looked down from his lonely column
And viewed the world,
Not as *Wille und Vorstellung*,
But as sheer Real Estate.
And he was always making points—
An Indian fakir on his bed of spikes.

Man (1stly) delighted him not (Shakespeare):
He saw the Bête Humaine
(O Zola! O thy chanting quires!)
Merely as Grantor and Grantee;
Nor (2ndly) a dark eye in woman (Byron):
He married early a pale-pupiled blonde,
And there it ended;
Nor (3rdly) childhood's happy laughter (Anybody).
At home he was only
The passive background.
His wife had clubs and causes,
And made as if they satisfied her.
His adopted son—or hers—
Went off to college, much to Hill's relief.
Thus domesticity slid by the board;
And so did civics, art, church, charity,
And all the rest.
Once he was asked to go
Before the Tax Commission
And aid reform.
But no; that interest, though allied,
Was not his, quite:
He kept his special corner.

This corner was retired
From natural daylight
And from outside air,
And he lived there for years,
And years:
The Company was always going to build—
And never did.
When he was nearing fifty
Quarters such as these
Began to tell:

His boy, returning home,
Found him more sapless,
More jejune, than ever;
He was drying up.

They pushed him toward the links.
He sat upon the club-house porch
And viewed the landscape o'er:
A spread-out checker-board of quarter-sections,
Beneath a sky
"Clear" sometimes, sometimes "clouded."
And here he amorously eyed
His pocketful of memos.—
Such was his exercise.

The years went on—
Ten, twelve, fifteen.
He was but a wraith,
A disembodied intellect.
He never made complaint,
Even on his poorest days;
No protest at the start,
No protest now.
For him, one life,
And he was leading it.

He never longed for alma mater;
He never whined for Rome.
And then, at sixty-six, the end.
No hope for a continuation:
He quit-claimed life;
And Death, the Great Conveyancer,
Carried him away.
Perhaps 'twas pernicious anæmia;
Perhaps, arterial sclerosis;
Perhaps—Why should we specify?

Heigh-ho!
Eight ascetic verbalists,
Drawn from the office,—
Eight grammarians
(A reference, properly obscure,
To Browning),—
Bore him to the grave.
Well, well;
Here ends his abstract and brief chronicle.
Of course I cannot speak for you;
But, as for me
(Despite the consolations of philosophy
Attempted near the start),
It makes me rather sad.

HENRY B. FULLER.

CORRESPONDENCE

What Professor Beard Said

SIR: The New York *World* of April 21st in its report of an address by Professor Charles A. Beard of Columbia University, delivered before the first national conference on community centers, gave the impression that he regarded certain abusive language relative to the American flag, recently used in a New York public school, as "O. K."

The New York *Evening Sun* of April 24th, in an editorial entitled "Free Speech and Free Treason," apparently, based upon the above report, criticized Professor Beard and conveyed likewise the impression that he condoned the use of such abusive language.

We, the undersigned, graduate students who have taken work with Professor Beard, are too familiar with the high order of his scholarship, his genuine devotion to the best of American ideals, and above all his unfailing habit of sane and measured utterance to permit such an unfortunate misconstruction of an address upon an important question to go unexplained and unchallenged. The true purport of Professor Beard's speech was that if any person used such language about the flag it was better that he should do it in the open than that he should plot against the flag in secret, that even such a violation of public decency should not be made a pretext for closing the schools to responsible organizations for the discussion of public concerns, that we could not expect to have liberty without some abuse of it, and that as between having too much authority or too much liberty, he preferred the latter even at the cost of having such outbreaks occasionally.

Leyton E. Carter
F. Stuart Fitzpatrick
Raymond Moley
John J. Lenney
A. E. Buck

H. L. Morris
H. L. Henderson
P. P. Gott
Frank F. Anderson
B. C. Fuller

Ralph S. Boots
Henry E. Grimshaw
Jay B. Botsford
C. C. Chang
Veviner Y. Chin
J. B. Pennison
J. B. Vernon
N. V. Lipe
Eugene Fair
H. C. Seal
Edmond Brown, Jr.
Orson E. Richards
H. O. Belknap
M. Newcomer
M. Padue
Pauline A. Felix
S. Takahashi
A. Gourntcz
M. B. Marsh
Luther Gulick
Seki Yasui
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R. R. Nawar
W. P. Cresson
Mildred V. Bennett
Martha Casamajor
Harrison C. Thomas
Maxwell Myles Geffen
Chang Wang
N. P. Aghnider
B. R. Amheokar
H. Feldman
A. W. Macmahon
Alice Stephanie Sullivan
Mary Kennedy
Ella E. Crane
Mary M. Joyce
Laura J. Emery
Jeannette Armstrong
Gertrude VanHoesen
Lula Gordon
Helen Adair
Charles Y. Lee

Mahler a Wagnerite

SIR: In a striking article by Mr. Paul Rosenfeld in THE NEW REPUBLIC of April 8th, Gustav Mahler is alleged to have drawn his inspiration from Beethoven. Mr. Rosenfeld's conception of Beethoven is wholly out of accord with the general conception of his character and art. To speak of him as "a type of artist to whom his craft represents not so much an æsthetic expression born of joy in creation as a means of answering some intellectually conceived philosophic or religious problem," is so contrary to the normal view as to demand something

more than dogmatic assertion. Beethoven, a troubled intellectualist employing music as a sort of ideal melting pot for the refinement of his metaphysical and ethical doubts! Beethoven, "not writing music so much as . . . attempting to make life livable to himself by convincing himself of the ultimate triumph of man" over fate! It is Ernest Newman, I think, who remarks on the surprising contrast between Beethoven's eloquent soul and his pathetic and comparatively commonplace life. Even Vincent d'Indy, who traces the dual development of the master's life and music, does not claim that the limited experience of his external life was more than a stimulant to his artistic genius which alone made his work universal and permanent. Mr. Rosenfeld would convince us that the Fifth Symphony is not romantic music at its best, not even an æsthetic achievement, but a philosophic treatise *de vitæ natura* of an unfortunate German peasant, skilfully clothed in the ornaments of program music. Truly an artistic confusion worthy of Father Castel and his color-clavichord!

Although a certain similarity in temperament existed between Beethoven and Mahler, as far as musical apostle-ship goes, Mahler was, it seems to me, far closer to Wagner. He was clearly the last great figure in neo-romanticism, which Wagner founded; and he stood on the threshold between that school and the budding school of tone color, just as did Beethoven between pure classicism and virgin romanticism. It is significant of the sincerity of Mahler's genius that whatever else may be said of this work, it was untainted by any touch of decadence. For Mahler was a pronounced nationalist in music and it was this, combined with a close sympathy and intimate knowledge of the earlier romanticists, especially Weber, that preserved in his music freshness and stability and that prompted him, when introducing an atmosphere of modernism into his work, to choose rather the methods of the new school of tone color than the alluring and sensuous suggestiveness of the French neo-impressionists, his contemporaries. It is this sturdy romantic spirit that Mr. Rosenfeld mistakes for the imitation of Beethoven.

ROBERT PIERCE CASEY.

Dorchester, Mass.

Amenities of Ancient Warfare

SIR: We hear less than we once did of our age's vast advance beyond the ancients in humanity and morals. For this relief, at least, we may acknowledge much thanks to the elusive being or influence that instigated the present war. For cruelty in their conduct of hostilities was formerly one of the worst charges we laid at the door of the otherwise so admirable classical nations. Nothing has developed to acquit them of that foible; but much has come to light to invalidate our superiority.

To be specific, suppose we recall their treatment of their prisoners of war. The Greeks held their captives for ransom or sold them into slavery. The Romans put many of theirs to death outright. Yes. But have similar horrors and worse ceased to happen? If not, let us throw fewer stones at pagan antiquity, and look to our own record. Recent massacres of non-combatants, recent wholesale seizures of land and property, recent totals of wrecked temples and burnt houses were rarely surpassed in former centuries. Is it too much to say that present belligerents have, in fact, resolutely turned their backs upon much of the moral progress we thought we had made?

Let us consider, meanwhile, whether the antique world

did not also have its ups, no less than its downs, in this field of self-control. To this end I beg leave to submit some of the ordinary field service regulations of the Roman army, as they are recorded by Flavius Vopiscus, a respectable historian of the Fourth century after Christ:

Every soldier must be at his mate's service like a slave.

To take anybody's chicken or to kill anybody's sheep is entirely forbidden.

Soldiers may not require farmers to supply them with oil, salt and firewood.

It is forbidden to snatch grapes, to injure standing crops, or to destroy harvests.

Physicians will be required to aid the sick free of charge.

Soldiers are forbidden to give money to wizards and fortune-tellers.

Let every man keep his pay in his baldric, and not spend it in taverns.

Whoever starts a scrap will be beaten.

One recalls that every centurion carried a vinewood cane.

Mr. Th. Ruysens, of *La ligue des droits de l'homme et du citoyen*, urges the scattering of a few million copies of this classic enlisted man's guide on the German trench lines. But no doubt it is unneutral to recall the contrary practises of this or that nation, in connection with a venerable Latin text.

ALFRED EMERSON.

New York City.

A Different Viewpoint

SIR: I like THE NEW REPUBLIC very much, because I disagree ardently with about half the things it says; which is good for me and does not hurt THE NEW REPUBLIC. I should never think of writing to you about these things; neither, for example, about your half-expressed attitude toward the Italian war—though I feel, smugly, that, having been in Italy during all the painful months between August, 1914, and May, 1915, I understand the deep idealism of Italy's motives better than you; nor yet about the calm Olympian detachment of THE NEW REPUBLIC's attitude toward the whole European struggle—though it seems to me, at this moment when black is suddenly black, and white white, and there is no longer a gray, that such an attitude is monstrous, unthinkable.

But there is one thing about which I must write to you: Please, could not THE NEW REPUBLIC give up the word "viewpoint"?

At any rate, whether you do so or not, you have my cordial good wishes.

C. C. W.

Tryon, North Carolina.

England for Pan-America

SIR: As your correspondent, Mr. R. R. Cross, evidently thinks that England of 1916 is the same England as that of 1822, may I draw your readers' attention to the fact that Sir Edward Grey in a speech in the House of Commons has expressly recognized the Monroe Doctrine? The speech was, I think, made in 1911.

AUGUST SCHVAN.

Peterboro, New Hampshire.

Standing Pat

Counter-Currents, by Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

MISS AGNES REPPLIER has a virtue not usual in polite essayists. She does not hesitate to speak out her mind. On many large subjects most clever essayists are mute. Miss Repplier is not mute. Her manner is essentially urbane and unaffected, her method informal, but as to broad popular tendencies in America she has clear and strong convictions, and she voices those convictions with emphasis and finality. Many women in America discuss the same questions as Miss Repplier. These hinge, generally speaking, on the right attitude of our society toward the liberal or humanitarian view of life, especially in relation to national ideals, education, sex and war. But while many women speak on these things, few have Miss Repplier's style and incision. She is a sharp and terse critic of morals and manners. She is versed in social intercourse and *belle-lettres*. She makes some use of her brains.

Being of the older generation and a Roman Catholic, Miss Repplier may be expected to be intensely critical of liberalism. She fulfils the expectation. She is too alert to be superficially banal in her criticism, but the main bent of her essays is retaliatory. She is in arms against certain modern tendencies all along the line. At the present moment the white slave is no longer the object of popular solicitude. Miss Repplier's efforts to head civilization away from that particular pitfall of sensibility seem a little superfluous to-day. But people still want the minimum wage, still discuss foul subjects with open enthusiasm, still seek to soften the conditions of labor, still encourage the arrogance of the immigrant, still aim to weaken the ennobling tedium of education, still let down the props of resistance to evil. On account of these sustained delinquencies Miss Repplier has import. Time often cruelly bereaves the conservative of his argument, the world is so precipitate in going to the dogs. But Miss Repplier has done her best to make her complaints wide and permanent. This puts her on a rock, though a somewhat arid rock, above the tide.

There is a dilemma in conduct, as every one knows, between rights and duties. Miss Repplier's way of meeting this dilemma is exceedingly simple. She is too sophisticated to adopt the "sternness" of Wordsworth. She is, by way of change, a blithe daughter of the voice of God. But substantially she argues solely for duty, on the basis of moral tradition. To a questioning age she recommends rectitude and honor. She suggests intelligence to women, reasonable modesty, personal responsibility for all, moral obligation, duty, justice, truth, discipline, austerity, renunciation, fidelity and self-control. She is against loose talking and loose thinking, smug contentment, ill-advised ardor, partial philanthropies, fluid sentiment. She is politely and smilingly averse to experimentations. "Human experience is very, very old. It is our surest monitor, our safest guide."

Considering the implication of many of Miss Repplier's phrases, it would be easy to recoil from her ideas into counter assertion. "Ennobling self-sacrifice" is such a phrase, and so are the phrases urging "mastery of inclinations." It is too reminiscent of one's mother proffering cod-liver oil. But "duty and self-sacrifice" are certainly "central conceptions of ethical theory." "Modern systems have moved between the poles of an authoritative moral

law and an unconditional self-direction of human nature, and the attempt to suppress either term of the antithesis brings about its Nemesis in the movement of thought." If one favors self-direction more than Miss Repplier, therefore, it is advisable not simply to recoil from her, but to analyze why one thinks that moral beri-beri will not result from rejecting her husks.

If "authoritative moral law" were so fixed as Miss Repplier conceives it, the constraints on self-direction would be inevitable. It would then be as idle to debate the quality of duty as to insist on a comfortable seat in a car already full. But while Miss Repplier is witty enough to see the absurdities of many liberal and humanitarian efforts at seating, she is essentially stupid about the ultimate liberal and humanitarian contentions. The present arrangement of society and the morals based on it are as fixed for her as a car. She does not desire or imagine society re-adapted to a greater number of its members. Any unrest in those members seems to her a system of weak or selfish insubordination. And when she sees unrest she trembles for some dear constitutional standard, for Americanism or purity or decency or Christianity, for some earlier docility and fidelity, for some simpler, sterner creed.

It is this kind of trepidation about ferment and change and experiment, based on an inculcated suspicion of human nature, that leads Miss Repplier to reveal herself as a snob. She is perfectly willing herself, for example, to scold and to rail at America, to reproach us for our ill-disciplined children, our slackness in duty, our failure to observe the precepts and fulfil the intentions of the pioneers. This is, in fact, the sole burden of her book. But when a Jewish immigrant, Mary Antin, makes precisely the same criticisms from a different standpoint, Miss Repplier bridles like a gentlewoman who has been taken to task by her maid. "Why should the recipient of so much attention be the one to scold us harshly?" A Russian Jew, as she sees it, "cannot in five years, or twenty-five years," become American. A Russian Jew is one of a "seething mass of immigrants." She has dared to intrude herself on Miss Repplier's vested interests in Americanism. Miss Repplier retreats, bristling, to perch on Plymouth Rock.

The same kind of conservatism is provoked by Miss Jane Addams. When Miss Repplier wishes to attack the discussion of sex in public she sketches her own healthy, untroubled childhood. "The children to be pitied, the children whose minds become infected with unwholesome curiosity, are those who lack cheerful recreation, religious teaching, and the fine corrective of work. A playground or a swimming-pool will do more to keep them mentally and morally sound than scores of lectures upon sex-hygiene." This is substantially what Jane Addams believes. But when Miss Addams pleads for playgrounds and swimming-pools, what does Miss Repplier say? Again she bridles in the manner of a congenital snob. "The gospel of cheerfulness," she snaps, "I had almost said the gospel of amusement, is preached by people who lack experience to people who lack vitality. There is a vague impression that the world would be a good world if it were only happy, that it would be happy if it were amused, and that it would be amused if plenty of artificial recreation—that recreation for which we are now told every community stands responsible—were provided for its entertainment."

It is not a lapse of intelligence that leads Miss Repplier to this kind of inconsistency. It is, to use her own tart phrases, a "profound foolishness" and "abysmal ignorance" about the sources of that dissatisfaction which so irritates her soul. If Miss Addams does not talk about

the Idle Apprentice and the Industrious Apprentice it is not because she favors idleness and despises industry. It is because, as Miss Repplier herself acknowledges, there cannot be moral and mental soundness without a chance for cheerful play. This thought did not spring up in Miss Repplier, however, out of disgust with cheerless lives. It came to her mind as a pat argument against lectures on sex-hygiene. Having served its purpose against a social taboo, it was promptly forgotten. Another taboo came to her mind the minute she adverted to Miss Addams's demands on the established order. All she could then think of was duty, sober acceptance of the restrictions and responsibilities of citizenship, the value of "rigid old standards" and "hard old rules." The "mental and moral discipline which comes of hard and perhaps unwilling study" then filled her with fervor; and she indicated proletarian weakness for amusement, its degeneracy, "sluggish impotence," sottishness and ease.

A mind so full of taboos as Miss Repplier's is necessarily inadequate to social understanding. She is forced to hand out moral judgments which she cannot afford to analyze. If she once really sanctioned the personal impulses that Miss Addams sanctions, on grounds of general human welfare, she would be compelled to consider what she calls "the substitution of a sentimental principle of authority for the impersonal processes of the law." In the interest of her taboos, which largely derive from her status in society, Miss Repplier cannot sanction any irregular impulses, either in Russian immigrants or school-teachers or playground-seekers or unmuzzled Germans. The result is an insistence on law simply because it happens to be law.

This does not mean that what one loosely calls the humanitarian view of life is impeccable. It is all the more peccant, probably, because it risks experiment all the time. And it has dangers to which Miss Repplier is right in averting.

The humanitarian hates pain, and his worst weaknesses, as I see them, spring from this impulse. He hates so much to give pain that he may not be cruel to be kind. He hates so much to encounter pain that he may duck the necessity to enforce his will. The latter is by far the more serious weakness. So dear to him is the idea of human liberty that he strives to believe there are not irreconcilable conflicts in the world, and he closes his eyes to the problem of evil in human nature rather than intrude his will. Seeing the very great nobility of his positive idea of society, one would suppose that he could freely express his will against any opponent of his idea, and that he would find a sanction for it not in any personal righteousness, but in the large end he cherishes in mind. But the truth is, the end seen by the humanitarian is often indefinite. He knows himself so well that the pharisaism of righteousness, of "laws of humanity," is extremely apparent to him. He is deeply suspicious of the ordinary motives by which men justify imposing their will. He tends, therefore, to disregard arbitrary laws, which are almost uniformly framed in the self-interest of the ruling class. He tends to avoid summary decisions. He tends not to scrutinize too closely the variations of personality. He tends to a "mush of concession." These leniencies may be creditable. They are founded on a respect for man as against law, for the creative as against the routine impulse. But there are cases where responsibility requires insistence and coercion. There are cases where the dividends of pleasure must be implacably deferred. To ignore this is to be a sentimentalist, and there is a danger of this sentimentalism in the very fact that one hates pain.

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But where Miss Repplier loses force in showing how these ameliorative impulses lead to absurdity is in her failure to arouse any conviction that she shares or understands the democratic object. One cannot sincerely share that object and care so much for magical taboos and conformities. One cannot be both for development and for arbitrary sacrifices. One cannot be both a co-operator and a snob. It is these limitations which deprive Miss Repplier of validity except for those who grasp at any excuse to stand pat.

F. H.

An Epic of Desire

Psychology of the Unconscious, a Study of the Transformations and Symbolisms of the Libido, by Dr. C. G. Jung, authorized translation, with introduction by Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$4.00

IN the original German this book is known as "Wandlungen und Symbole der Libido." It is a matter of regret, I think, that Dr. Hinkle has reduced this more accurate description to a sub-title. For this work, stupendous as it is, cannot be called a psychology of the unconscious. To justify so comprehensive a title the book would have had to cover with far juster emphasis such matters as the mechanism of repression, the technique of symbolism, and the wide variety of the psychosexual constitution.

Jung makes his start from Freud's discovery that the phantasies of the dreamer, of the neurotic patient, of the

child, and of the artist often bear a compelling resemblance to folklore; that his patients often recreate ancient myths and symbolisms which cannot be ascribed to anything in their experience or education. In countless instances the imagery and emotional content of infantile and neurotic phantasy seem to reproduce a more primitive reaction to the world. Analysis of this archaic thinking in the living individual opened up to Freud and his followers the possibility of reinterpreting the mythologies and customs of primitive man. The older world was no longer seen as something dead and buried which we could understand only objectively. In contemporary man its qualities persisted.

Since individual psychology could illuminate ancient myths, Jung asked whether comparative mythology might not illuminate the soul of the individual. This book is an effort to do just that thing. It begins by calling attention to Freud's discovery, a purely empirical one, that the most powerful and central of our emotional determinants is a complex of relations to the mother and father, brother and sister, grandparents and foster parents, in other words, the first human environment into which we fall. Freud has called this the Oedipus complex because in its most typical form it reproduces the substance of the Oedipus legend. Loud cries of horror continue to greet this discovery. Yet in substance it is one of those hypotheses which are obvious enough once they are understood. Freud is a scientist who has neither the time nor the patience nor the right to regard our sensibilities, and when he found by a laborious gathering of evidence that incestuous phantasy persists in our unconscious life, he said so. The answer of commonsense to those who wish violently to reject this observation is to ask whether the intimate emotional dependence of the child on the mother, the first and the deepest of all experiences, is not something which might be expected to play an impressive rôle in later life. What that rôle is, how it is related to the love and life of the adult, is certainly a legitimate inquiry. That some of the conclusions are shocking is no concern of the scientist.

The evidence for the existence of the Oedipus complex is too overwhelming to permit anyone the pleasure of rejecting it out of hand. At any rate its existence is assumed in this book, and around it is massed an encyclopedic collection of myths, drawn from all the cosmogonies and legends and etymologies of the world. Dr. Jung's power of analogy and allusion is inexhaustible. He associates with relentless speed, his illustrations wander through a thousand by-paths, flow over the page and crowd themselves into textual notes. There may be two or three living men, probably Germans, who know enough to check up his material. For most of us the book must be I think a little bewildering; the more careful and the more ignorant will feel worried at the speed of his analogies, though impressed and fascinated by the curiosity of his learning.

The book is constructed around a number of phantasies which came to a certain Miss Miller in what may be described roughly as a trance. They consist of travel pictures, a Hymn of Creation, a poem called "The Moth to the Sun," and an original legend about an Aztec hero, Chiwantopel. Jung takes these hypnagogic visions apart, and around each theme and image he masses his staggering knowledge of comparative mythology. He shows that the substance of Miss Miller's phantasies can be paralleled in all the folklore of the world. Jung's method is by no means logical. Sometimes he proceeds by analogy, then again by what seems like the loosest kind of association. One legend suggests another, and before he is through the reader has

been led from Cyrano de Bergerac to Gilgamesh, from Mithra to Christ and Hiawatha and Faust and Osiris, the sun gods, the beast gods, the Eleusinian mysteries, the Upanishads, the Bible and what not.

Out of this maze of analogy and allusion and reference, there emerges, one does not quite see how or why, a kind of Odyssey of the Libido, which Jung summarizes as follows:

"Man leaves the mother, the source of libido, and is driven by the eternal thirst to find her again, and to drink renewal from her; thus he completes his cycle, and returns again into the mother's womb."

The adventures of the libido on this self-repeating cycle constitute the main themes of the book. The conclusion one is driven to is that though it was published originally in a scientific journal, though it is offered as a contribution to psychology, what we are really confronted with is a philosophic vision, similar in kind to that of Lucretius's "De Rerum Natura," Schopenhauer's "World as Will and Idea," or Bergson's "Creative Evolution." Just as Lucretius used the scientific material of Anaxagoras and Democritus to construct a moral world, so Jung has taken some of the prepossessions of the psychoanalyst to make a moral world for himself. He has introduced into the empirical labors and tentative inductions of Freud a series of grandiose generalizations about human destiny.

Naturally the Freudian scientists rebel, and their technical journals teem with harsh criticism of Jung's "tender-mindedness." There is not space here to summarize all their criticisms, even if I could claim to have grasped them. But the critics are unanimous in asserting that Jung's premature passion for a *weltanschauung* has led him to deny or to obfuscate the essentials of the "tiefenpsychologie."

They point out that Jung has perverted the meaning of symbolism by failing to make clear that a symbol in the Freudian sense is not merely something which represents something else, but a substitute which represents a desire which is repressed beyond the reach of conscious knowledge. Jung uses the term symbol in a very loose fashion, and goes so far as to hint that the repressed phantasy may be in itself a symbol of some conflict in conscious life.

They point out that the use of Miss Miller's visions is bad scientific method, because Jung himself has no way of checking them up. He is therefore engaged in interpreting an unanalyzed vision in terms of unanalyzed myths, one unknown factor in terms of another factor still less known.

They point out too that his conception of libido has become so universal as to be practically meaningless. He compares it to the conception of "energy" and to Bergson's "élan vital." But to do that is to rob it of that definitive reality which Freud has given it. If libido is raised from a name for the psychic aspects of individual sexuality to a kind of all-embracing world will, then libido is nothing but our old friend pantheism under a new alias. Moreover, this very process of broadening out the conception of libido dilutes it beyond all recognition. It becomes everything and ceases to be anything.

More technical objections have been raised to Jung's notions of "presexuality," his theory of regression in the neurosis, of the prophetic character of dreams, and to his therapeutic method. They do not immediately concern those of us who are laymen. But they indicate the reservations with which this fascinating book must be approached by reminding us that it is a personal adventure in search of a philosophy, far more than a contribution to psychoanalytic understanding.

W. L.

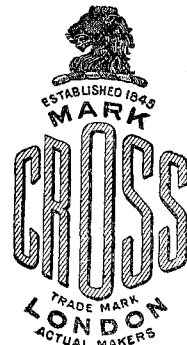
After Five Hundred Years

*The Church, by John Huss, translated by D. S. Schaff.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.*

WHY should a theologic polemic of over five hundred years ago be translated, and why should one read it now? The answer is partly in the fact that July 6th, 1915, was the five hundredth anniversary of the burning of John Huss for the writing of this book, an event that was ardently commemorated by Bohemians wherever they felt free to do so. For the Hapsburgs have not forgotten that the victim of their treachery at Constance was the opponent not only of the Roman hierarchy, but also of German domination in Bohemia. But it is not merely the historical significance of the book—great though it is at a time when Pan-Germanic Austria is suppressing all signs of Slavic Bohemia and forcing her most distinguished sons, like Professor Masyrak, to conduct their work abroad. It is as a document of throbbing life that Huss's book has a permanent value.

Theology is a field that is now in bad repute; even ministers desiring to pass as liberal and as "keeping in touch with life" have deserted it for the shrill commonplaces of ephemeral politics. And yet if we are genuinely interested in the problems of human life and in the expression of its perennial strivings and difficulties, the field of theology offers a rich harvest. All that is necessary is that we give up the complacent superiority of our modernity and realize that human life may express itself in a variety of forms, so that he who would have his eyes opened to its abundance must learn a multitude of foreign languages. If it is worth while mastering the intricacies of the Henry James language in order to catch some of life's infrequent and elusive overtones, it is surely worth while to master the idiom of theology in order to grasp the more fundamental chords that constitute life's persistent melodies and discords. We hear a great deal to-day about the struggle of freedom and civilization against the Prussianism which would crush all independent national and individual life. But what is this struggle but an echo of the great theologic controversy over the freedom of conscience and the great right of the union of the individual soul with God? Is not the modern German Empire but a faint imitation in the external sphere of that thoroughness in organization which Catholic theology sought to introduce into the whole of life? Are not the scholastic theologians the prototypes of our modern bureaucrats and administrators, and are not the medieval mystics and heretics the most vigorous defenders of the claims of individual experience against those who would crush it with eternal forms and ceremonies and transcendental red tape? Is not the fundamental fact about recent German *kultur* fitly characterized by Huss's remark on the Roman Church: "The Roman Church claims to be the church catholic [or universal], but it is only the church militant" [which would destroy all others].

In his masterly essay, "On a Certain Blindness in Human Nature," William James speaks of the persistent tendency to regard the foreign or unfamiliar as devoid of all inherent interest; and to a mind proud of entertaining only the most modern beliefs, the language of Huss, with its symbols of Christ and other theologic apparatus, may serve as a sign that nothing vital is to be expected. But at least one reader who does not subscribe to the theistic, or, rather, monotheistic hypothesis, can gladly testify that he has found real joy in this smooth and fresh translation of a genuine



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human document. Indeed, why should a reader's own beliefs exclude him from appreciating the poetry and wisdom which happens to be expressed in a different metaphysical dialect? Huss's book is a noble lyric of the excellence of the true church, the free communion of the high-minded, free from those restraints of a hierarchic or bureaucratic organization designed to overawe and control the unenlightened. And the doctrines which grate most on the "modern" mind, the doctrine of grace, election and predestination, do they not express a wisdom far superior to that blind worship of works embodied in the apotheosis of the practical? The wisdom of the mystic doctrine shines forth unmistakably when we compare it with the Gospel of the Practical Man, according to the Apostle of the Strenuous Life, whose heaven consists of human perpetual-motion machines devoid of all beatific vision. The contempters of the mystic doctrine claim that its acceptance would result in a life devoid of achievement. The foolishness of this view has been shown in the history of all noble mystics like St. Bernard or Huss himself. And is not Huss's martyrdom the consistent carrying out of the pagan Greek doctrine that it is not life itself, but only a certain quality of life, that is the highest good?

PHILONOUS.

Gorky's Childhood

My Childhood, by Maxim Gorky. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

THE western reader of these memories now and again finds himself genuinely amazed to find how patiently he is accepting this childhood, how much he seems infected with Gorky's own Russian feeling. He discovers himself taking life "in the way of Mary," the way of finding this momentary world important really only for the spirit. He ceases to protest and itch for improvement and becomes clear-sighted and passive. Though the pseudonym Gorky is said to mean "Bitter Pen," the reader is not made to feel bitterness by this account of a little boy who was an "unwelcome relation" in the household of his grandfather, a dyer at Nijni. Gorky mentions the "cruelty" of his "drab existence" in "a narrow, stifling environment of unpleasant impressions," yet he communicates rather a relish of reality, a pride of experience and knowledge. He mixes, as it were, in the same medium unforgettable episodes of brutality and beastliness with unforgettable experiences of beauty—his grandmother praying, for instance, and his grandmother dancing. One feels that his eastern way of acceptance has brought him chiefly a joyful sense of knowing truth.

"I imagine myself, in my childhood, as a hive to which all manner of simple, undistinguished people brought, as the bees bring honey, their knowledge and thoughts about life, generously enriching my soul with what they had to give. The honey was often dirty, and bitter, but it was, all the same, knowledge—and honey."

His first indelible memory is of a narrow, darkened room where his father lies dead on the floor and his mother, sobbing, combs "the long soft hair." His grandmother has come, "a dark, tender, wonderfully interesting person." "I was terrified. They crept about the floor close to my father, touching him, groaning and shrieking, and he remained unmoved and actually smiling." Then comes the memory of a journey on a steamboat to his grandfather's. "I shall never forget those days almost overlaid with beauty."

"Look how beautiful it all is!" grandmother exclaimed, every minute going from one side of the boat to the other, with a radiant face and eyes wide with joy."

At Nijni, in the "squat, one-storied house" which "simply seethed with mutual hostility," the child is not starved, but he is often cruelly beaten.

"Grandfather flogged me till I lost consciousness, and I was unwell for some days, tossing about, face downwards, on a wide, stuffy bed, in a little room with one window and a lamp which was always kept burning before the case of icons in the corner. Those dark days had been the greatest in my life. In the course of them I had developed wonderfully, and I was conscious of a peculiar difference in myself. I began to experience a new solicitude for others. . . ."

His grandmother it was who was "the dearest and best known of all."

"So she always talked, using such peculiarly harmonious words that they took root in my memory like fragrant, bright, everlasting flowers. When she smiled the pupils of her dark, luscious eyes dilated and beamed with an inexpressible charm, and her strong, white teeth gleamed cheerfully. Apart from her multitudinous wrinkles and her swarthy complexion, she had a youthful and brilliant appearance. What spoiled her was her bulbous nose, with its distended nostrils, and red lips, caused by her habit of taking pinches of snuff from her black snuffbox mounted with silver, and by her fondness for drink. Everything about her was dark, but within she was luminous with an inextinguishable, joyful and ardent flame, which revealed itself in her eyes. Although she was bent, almost hump-backed in fact, she moved lightly and softly, for all the world like a huge cat, and was just as gentle as that caressing animal."

"When she had been drinking, she was even more attractive; her eyes grew darker and smiled, shedding the warmth of her heart upon every one. Brushing aside the handkerchief which made her face too hot, she would say in a tipsy voice: 'Lord! Lord, how good everything is! Don't you see how good everything is?' And this was a cry from her heart—the watchword of her whole life."

When Gorky shows as a writer such delicacy and precision of rendering, we comfortable Americans with our finical bodies are perhaps sometimes amazed to find him also of so strong a stomach! But from our association with him we, too, emerge feeling natural, all our five senses braced, having regained some early simple quality. And an inhibition of our power to love seems gone! The reserve that worried us we can deal with better as a squeamishness that is perhaps just stupid.

This book indeed affects us as the voice of one speaking with authority. At the cost of severe suffering, Gorky seems to have acquired the right to judge life and people, the right to point out the essence of matter. We cannot have known the law, if we dissent. But fortunately for our general cheerfulness, Gorky has somewhere written down his artist's satisfaction for the cost of this knowledge. "Abstract thought can never be cast into such a correct and vivid plastic form as that in which is expressed the thought born directly out of suffering."

The English into which Gorky's novels and stories have heretofore been put has had always a comic, uneasy quality that has put one off—that has made Gorky seem foreign. But the translator of this last book has avoided such effects of unlikeness and we read in all brotherliness.

EDITH BORIE.